

THE SLAVE TRADE.

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SLAVE FREIGHT ON THE NILE.

Sir Samuel Baker-Suppressing the Accursed Traffic.

It is but natural that the United States government should instruct its agents to inquire into the existence and character of the slave trade in Africa. And as I hear it is doing so, I send you some facts of the main features of the terrible traffic in this quarter. While the government reports are coming in this may have some interest.

HOW THE GAME BEGINS.

In the month of August the traders begin to prepare for their departure in November. They have no great sums of money on hand, so they borrow it, paying from 5 to 12 per cent a month, or 60 to 144 per cent per annum. All the salaried clerks who get above £40 a month are enabled to lend in this manner, and in a year's time they find they have a snug profit. The traders, most of whom are wild, inoffensive appearing men, with their river boats, ascend in a regular squadron before the north wind. Every expedition means war, and, according to its magnitude, is provided with 100 to 1,000 armed men. The soldiers employed consist of the miserable Dongolowies, who carry double-barrelled shotguns and knives, and are chiefly noted for their huge appetites and love of marriage (beer). Each large dealer has his own territory, and he resents promptly any attempt of another trader to trespass thereon. For instance, Agate, the most famous of all African slave traders, knows, and his men frequently visited, the Victoria Nyanza long before Speke ever dreamed of it. When asked why he did not report the circumstance officially, he demands, very simply, "What for?" Neither Agate nor any of the other traders are aware of the tone of manuscript which have been wasted upon "The Sources of the Nile," and if they did know it would boot nothing. Agate's station is now near the Nyanza, and he keeps up a heavy force there, as indeed he does at all his stations. When the expedition is ready to move slowly up to the Neam-Neam country, for instance, and if one tribe is hostile to another, he joins with the strongest and takes his pay in slaves. Active spies are kept in liberal pay to inform him of the number and quality of the young children; and when the chief believes he can steal 100 he settles down to work, for that figure means \$4,000. He makes a landing with his human hounds, after having reconnoitred the positions, generally in the night time. At dawn he moves forward on the village, and the alarm is spread among the negroes, who herd together behind their aboriginal breastplates and fire clouds of poisoned arrows. The trader opens with musketry, and then begins a general massacre of men, women and children. The settlement, surrounded by inflammable grass, is given to the flames, and the entire habitation is laid in ashes. Probably out of the wreck of 1,000 charred and slaughtered people his reserves have caught the 100 coveted women and children, who are flying from death in wild despair. They are yoked together by a long pole and marched off from their homes forever. One-third of them may have the smallpox, and then with his infected cargo he proceeds to his nearest station. Thence the negroes are clandestinely sent across the desert to Kordofan, whence they are dispersed over Lower Egypt and other markets. It is not infrequently happens that the negroes succeed in killing their 'adv' resaries in these combats. But the blacks are not so brave. They generally fly after a loss of several killed, except with the Neam-Neams, who always fight with a bravery commensurate with their renown as cannibals.

THE ST. THOMAS OF THE NORTHERN AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

are, perhaps, the most difficult portions of the history of this atrocious traffic. Yet, from many sources I think I may be safe in saying that the annual export of slaves from the country lying between the Red Sea and the Great Desert is 25,000 a year, distributed as follows:—From Abyssinia, carried to Jatta or Gallabat, 10,000; issuing by other routes to Abyssinia, 5,000; by the Blue Nile, 3,000; by the White Nile, 7,000.

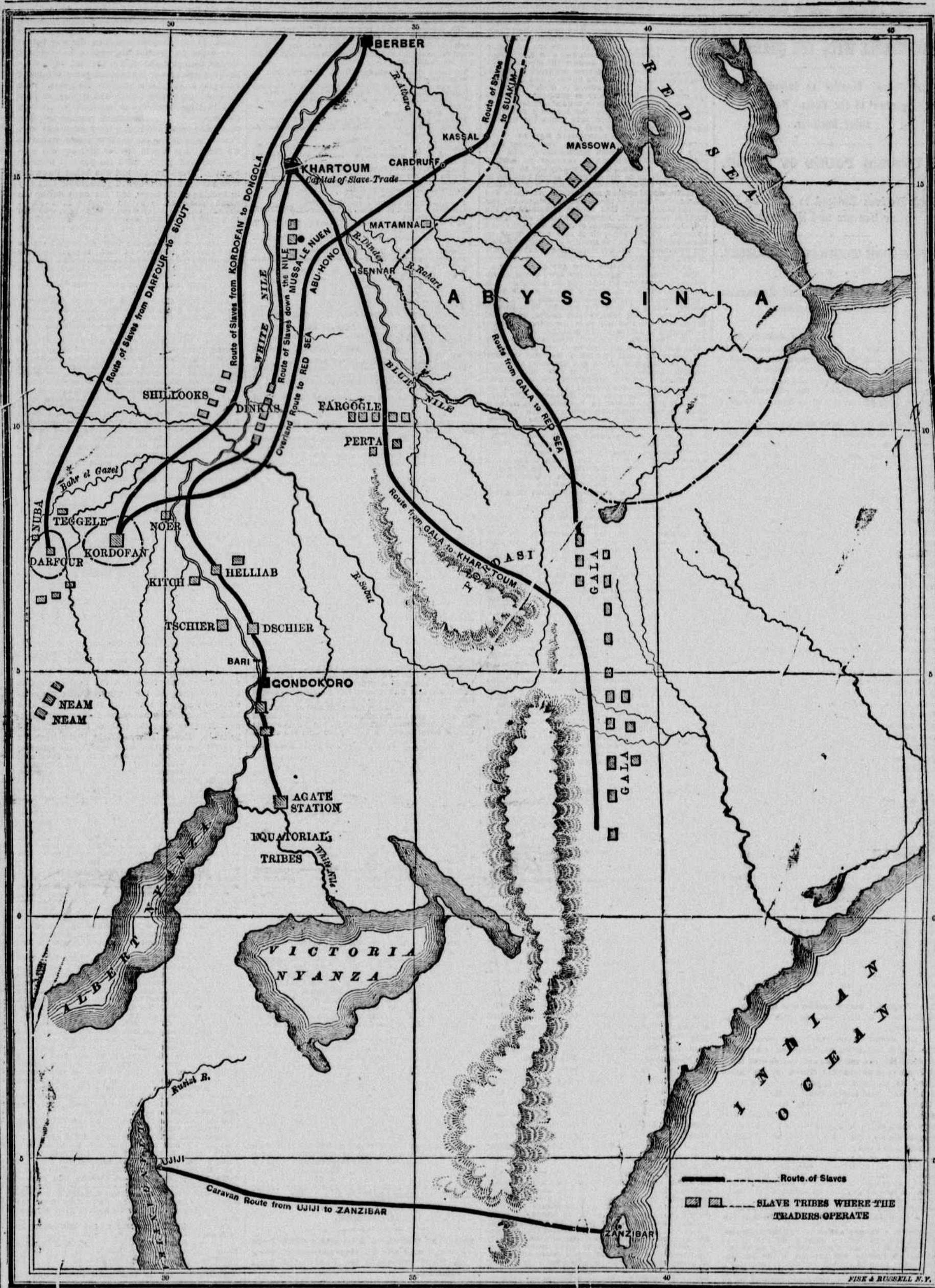
To obtain these 25,000 slaves and sell them in markets where more than fifteen thousand are annually killed, and often the mortality reaches the terrible figure of 50,000. It is a fair estimate to say that 20,000 children are stolen from their parents every year by persons who have the names and reputations of being civilized and educated. I cannot stop here. The horrible figures must march on. The abduction of these 20,000 causes heartburnings at home, and great mental suffering in Africa is the most potent cause of death. I don't not have seen arrived at 20,000 human wrongs. Need we again go forward and inquire to what extent these slaves are degraded, as to how far they are an unhealthy element in the country, and 100,000 lives are annually expended either in the lowest slavery or the darkest death? If I extend the bounds of inquiry to the northern and western coasts, and wherever the canvassed speaks carry off their cargoes in defiance of law—if I include all Africa—more than one million souls will be comprised in the number annually carried away, killed or made broken-hearted by the slave trade.

THE CURSE UPON AFRICA.

A half century has witnessed the enslavement of population of more than fifty million Africans, and I leave it to other pens to describe what residue of the commerce remained to America after its humanity outlawed the traffic. The activity of the dealers, their murderous policy of assassination and

THE NILE SLAVE DISTRICT.

Map Showing the Localities Where the Slaves are Captured and the Routes by Which They are Carried Off.



exterminating all tribes they could not easily reduce, has driven the peoples in vast herds to the great central plateaux of the Continent. The game has been turned upon the huge bonas frequenting the zone of the Equator. The occupancy, then, of these plateaux by embittered savages in closely packed masses has postponed the civilization of the Continent, rendered travel hazardous in the middle tropics, and depleted a territory which needed all the industry which God had supplied to it. Happily the slave traders are relaxing, and the momentous evils which I have traced to a summation as their offspring will ere long have been greatly ameliorated. The loss of great markets like Brazil and the United States has stopped the clandestine traffic on the western coast, while Egypt is doing the best she can under her unchristian institutions.

WHERE THE SLAVES GO TO.

Of the 25,000 annually forced into slavery their futures may be thus tabulated, 15,000 being boys and 10,000 girls:—

Go to Lower Egypt	6,000
Are made soldiers finally	2,000
Finally become concubines	9,000

After leaving sale of concubines are married:—

Become cooks and servants	5,000
Die from the climate	10,000
Are made eunuchs	500
Finally become educated	1,000
Obtain a competency	10
Become Christians	3,000
Are sent with their final lot because ignorant of a better pastime	20,000

I have thus attempted to show by what channels the poor slaves are borne out upon the stormy ocean of life. They are dispersed over 3,000,000 square miles of territory, and their blood finally mingles with that of the Turk, the Arab and the European. Thousands upon thousands go to Persia, where they are better cared for than here, and some of them ultimately reach destruction through the dark intrigues of the Eastern courts.

THE FINEST BLACK SOLDIERS

are recruited from the Dinkas, who are strong, handsome negroes, the finest of the White Nile. The other races are thickly built and clumsy, and are never ornamental; the Abyssinians, for whatever service and of whatever class, excel all their rival victims in slavery. They are quiet and subdued, and seldom treacherous or insubordinate. They prefer slavery, many of them to freedom, be-

cause they have no aspirations that are inordinate. The girls are delicate, and not built for severe labor. They are tender, sentimental beings, and in another atmosphere, would adorn the loftiest ideal of womanhood. Though born and bred in a country where concubines are as legitimate and as much honored as wives, they revolt against the terrors of polygamy. They are never happy where their peace in the affections of their master is duplicated in another. As a testimony of their gentleness and purity, I will mention that Peney, Hansel, La Forque, de Bons and others purchased young Abyssinian girls, and afterwards married them. Ibrahim Peney came to see me yesterday, and we discussed the question, and he told me, "Am I not an example? My mother was a young Abyssinian slave, and my father married her?" Young Peney and his brothers as well as highly educated, speak French and Italian, and are respected by all who know them. This is no uncommon case.

SLAVES VARY IN PRICE.

according to age, beauty and accomplishments, and I submit the following table as nearly exact, the money here being in dollars:—

For raw negro boys from the White Nile, eight years of age	\$40
For raw negro girls from the White Nile, eight years of age	\$50
For men taught to work, twenty-five years of age	\$100
For women, negroes, twenty-five years of age	\$100
For Abyssinian girl, ten years old, beautiful (white)	\$100
For Abyssinian girl, twelve years old, ordinary look	\$100
For Abyssinian girl, fourteen years old, fine looking	\$120
For Abyssinian girl, fourteen years old, beautiful	\$200
For Abyssinian girl, fourteen years old, beautiful (white)	\$300
Women beyond seventeen are not in demand, but when sold, if concubines, bring	\$100
Old slaves, seldom sold, if being a point of honor not to send an aged servant, bring	\$50
For eunuchs, ordinary, coal black	\$25
For eunuchs of the first class	\$50

There are slave brokers here who make regular commissions upon the buying and selling of slaves; but there are not great slave marts here as in olden times. Every transaction must be done with secrecy. There is great competition for handsome slave girls, who are used as wives.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

I perceive by the British press, says that no slaves were brought down the Nile during the year 1871. In this he is mistaken, according to numerous statements made to me here. Of course, Sir Samuel believes what he said; but from his isolated situation among a swarm of barbarians he could not

know that the negroes were secretly transported overland via Kordofan. Yet such it is known was the case. I repeat here my belief that the Viceroy's government will repress slavery and all commerce relating to it with great rigor. I am convinced that His Highness is determined to arrest the traffic, not only because it constantly involves him with the civilized Powers and deprives him of the world's sympathy, but because he believes its abolition will be the swiftest mode of reviving the material prospects of his Central African domain. The Europeans who have lived here have, with very few exceptions, been engaged in the commerce. European money has supported and sustained it, and if the doctors of divinity knew what use the name of Christianity is put to—that is to say, "I am a trader and a Christian, by treaty stipulation you cannot touch me"—they would not be proud of their savage proselytes.

I here assign every European and American Consul, every missionary, every Christian and white man for the evils I have described. A determined, persistent and thorough agitation of the slave trade question in Africa would have killed it stone dead years ago. It could not have been nourished. Sir Samuel Baker has been in this region its only vigorous European combatant, and more to him than any other man will be due the praise of its utter eradication. The consignatories of the treaties by which Egypt maintains here almost imperial independence could require the Viceroy to maintain the closest surveillance upon the actions of notorious traders. Sir Samuel Baker is doing nobly. He is throttling the monster. He hates the slave trade as Wendell Phillips hated slavery. He is mighty, too, and he is to-day the most resolute Pacha of the Turkish Empire. Though he has been overwhelmed by Turkish distinctions, he first esteems the good opinions of the Anglo-Saxons, and the world may not be surprised to learn at the conclusion of his expedition that he has punished with generous allowance all the rascals who have fattened on their kind. He believes in the lash, and, wherever necessary, in summary executions. His name justly deserves to be enrolled upon the brightest page of the benefactors of his country. The more I hear of Sir Samuel Baker the more I like to write about him in a vein of deserved praise. He is a

knocks down a vicious interloper between the two puffs of a cigar; or, to engender a healthy spirit of industry, he often applies the lash to the bare person. Compared with the feebleness and indecision of almost all other African explorers his career here has inspired a respect which comes at once from fear and admiration. He has written and fought and diplomatized against the slave trade, and now, to his eternal honor, he goes to strangle it as the Governor of one of the largest sections of territory on the earth. Lady Baker, with her great Hungarian heart, is a noble companion for the Liberator of Africa.

BLOODY REVOLT ON THE WHITE NILE.

Under date of April 23 there appears in my journal:—"Rather fresh news from Fachoda. Seventy-five Egyptian officers and soldiers butchered. Nice time in Baker's rear. How is he going to get supplies? Soudan getting warm." The detail indicates that all the negroes are not easy victims. The Governor of Fachoda is in the habit of making annual levies upon the bees and mutations of that great negro people, the Shillooks; and, of course, without invitation or permission, but in defiance of their aboriginal ideas of rights. A troop of 100 soldiers therefore prepared for a foray. They marched gallantly from their camp a mile into the interior. The Shillooks heard of the approach; they massed their cattle far back from the approach; they of the stalwart blacks formed in rude lines of battle, each rebel behind his ample rhinoceros-hide shields, with lances, bows and poisoned arrows. The troops advance, little dreaming of the strength of the demonstration. They were suddenly assailed by the negro army, and the soldiers began to fall, pierced by arrows and lances. In great glee the Shillooks, following up their success, precipitated themselves upon the unfortunate and slaughtered seventy-five officers and soldiers. The rest, dismayed, threw down their arms, took to flight, and hurried in panic to Fachoda, only to find that the Egyptian military post was besieged by a co-operating negro army; that ingress and egress were impossible, and that a successful revolt had placed Egyptian interests and lives at the mercy of the natives. The Governor of the post, it seems, was not in hot haste to encourage his subordinates, and so, from a general laxity and pusillanimous fear, Sir Samuel Baker was for the moment cut

by the Governor here; troops were despatched and orders given to deal swiftly and surely. Kordofan is also, in certain portions, in opposition to the government and in fierce revolt. If these disturbances continue, if anarchy supervenes in the upper provinces, I dare not estimate the demoralization and decay which must ensue. Let it be noted that this terrible massacre came from untamed savages and that it was the arrow against the Minie ball. What must result when the blacks become better armed? What compensations will they demand for ruined fields and slaughtered populations? What indemnity for immemorial oppressions and bondage? What will the stout negro ask when he remembers the hundreds of his race that he saw dead on the banks of the White Nile and still manacled with the irons of the Arab traders, having perished from starvation or contagion?

THE SLAVE TRADE ON THE WHITE NILE.

As long as Baker remains a Pacha at Gondokoro (now Ismailia) there is no danger of a direct White Nile slave trade. Indeed the traffic may be said to be "on its last legs." Ivory alone is the object now, so they say, but rest assured that if a trader goes inland far enough and can grab a few villages he will do it. When I say "direct slave trade" I mean no slaves will be made to descend within the reach of knowledge of Baker Pacha. But unhappily he cannot cover a whole continent. Last year (1871), when Baker says that not one slave came down the Nile, Mr. Hausel, Austrian Consul, tells me there were 14,000, Agate alone bringing 3,000. Within three miles of Khartoum slaves were found dead and unburied on the river's bank, and the horrors of this importation were something I shall not detail.

As the slaves caught are not only of the negro races, but also of the lighter colored people of Abyssinia, men and women of the white races are thus brought into the market. I cannot better give you a notion of the horror of this part of the traffic than by telling you in a straightforward way the story of a single case that has come to my notice.

BARIELA, THE SLAVE GIRL.

In my rambles about Khartoum it came to my knowledge that a most extraordinary case of kidnapping had brought to this town the person of a young slave girl, stolen from her home in the Mak-hada land of Abyssinia. I succeeded in seeing her, and afterwards, with many difficulties, had the pleasure of placing in her hand a deed of freedom under the seal of the United States. So childish, so innocent, so beautiful, and withal so noble-minded and pure-hearted is Bariela that I determined to obtain her history in full, and for this purpose saw much of her and learned from many artless conversations how she had been stolen from a bright home and sold into bondage.

Bariela was one of nine children. She was the only daughter of the Fakir, a Moslem priest of her native village. She is fond of telling that her father is (abbat) white, and a Turk—one of those few who either personally or in the blood of his ancestors penetrated to Abyssinia to carry the Koran of Mohammed. These propagandists are all men of fine talents, finished education and easy, gentle manners. Fanatical, they yet manifest a devotion to "faith, hope, love and charity," that you may not always find among the teachers of Christianity. Bariela's father was a kindly, handsome man, who believed and preached that Mohammed was born in the Garden of Eden and that he existed in a pencil of light until the sixth century, when, by the especial favor of God, the Angel Gabriel was appointed to deliver him his commission as the only prophet. Pervid and sincere in his religion, he taught his children the hourly utterance of that phrase which is constantly repeated in the Ottoman Empire:—"There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

His eight sons were all instructed in the Koran, and this is the beginning and end of Moslem education. They were devout, honest, frugal and industrious. Bariela, an only daughter in a large family, was the pet of the household, and the tender caresses of all who gazed upon her childish, marvelous beauty. She was not sent to school—girls are never educated in Abyssinia. She was not betrothed in marriage, for she was only six years of age when stolen from her home. Her father's house was to her a paradise, and when she speaks of it a tear gathers in her eye. But a few days' ride from Gallabat by camel, her native village, is one of those charming, picturesque, but rude settlements, which are the happiest portions of these tropical lands. The home consisted of four houses, built of golden-colored straw, neat and clean, as is everything that pertains to that remarkable people. I may be excused, perhaps, if I say that the Abyssinians are the noblest semi-aboriginal race on the face of the earth. Gifted with natural manliness of character they excel also in industry, fidelity and regularity. The man who sits down to write their history will find that the bloodless victory of Magdala did not represent the degradation of a worthless race after all. I have met them by thousands at a time when they cherish no bitterness against the white man, and I have become convinced that they have the spirit of hardy nationality. A whole people must not be judged from the wild doings of a crazy king. The real property of Howaji Ga Garzox—this is Bariela's family name—was extensive. He owned a coffee plantation, sheep in abundance, and was a rich farmer, as we would say in America. His four houses were situated each in the corner of a square and the interior space was a meadow where trees and shrubs were bright with foliage. The property was in fine a pretty glen in a grand valley, purified by swift mountain streams, and a retreat as far beyond the miseries of civilization as it was from the din and sin of mighty capitals. It was a home where domestic sweetness, household tranquillity and family harmony were seldom disturbed. Bariela grew up in this benign atmosphere a laughing boy beloved by all.

BARIELA'S STORY OF HER CAPTURE.

"How was it they took you off, Bariela?"

"On the bright summer day, nearly ten years ago, when those dreadful Mokiasa men came," she said; "my father had gone to market to get the day's provision; all of my eight brothers had gone to the mosque to read the Koran, and my mother was in the plantation gathering coffee."

"Do you remember all these particulars so exactly?"

"Yes, yahaah (father); all, all, all; every tiny, tiny little thing: I was then six years old."

It is marvellous how powerful is the memory of the young of this country. It may be because it is the only mental quality developed. Bariela, at six years of age was of riper experience and growth than the American girl of twelve. Race and climate make the difference, and thus she remembers even the minutest particulars of her earliest childhood.

"So, you were alone in the house?"

"Yes. I was playing with the sheep near the door of the house; my back was towards the entrance. Suddenly I was grabbed by two big hands. A piece of iron was thrust into my mouth like a horse's bit. I felt very sick and very frightened. I was carried out of the house covered up with clothing, so that no one could see me. Then I was put in a hut and tied up and kept until night time. I sobbed bitterly. I was crushed with grief. My father! My father! My brothers! My mother! My home! My sheep! My dresses! My happiness! I knew nothing! I became bewildered and prayed to Heaven. The men came in the night time and took me away and put me on the back of a camel. They did not meet any one. When they saw a caravan coming they moved out of the way, because they knew my father would come in search of me. I was all alone and the only girl they stole at that time. When I got out in the desert the iron was removed from my mouth. I was given to eat. I saw no one before my arrival at Khartoum, and when I came here I was sold to a young captain by the name of Abel Mesialah (slave of Christ). He was a Christian and a young man. I was very young, so I was not either his wife or his concubine. After that—a few months after—I was sold to Yusef, the man at whose house you found me."

"You always travelled in the night?"

"Always."

Such was the recital of Bariela—her story of a downward march from what was a heaven to her to a hell upon earth.

INFAMY OF THE TRADE.

Bariela's fate is not different from that of many